

to himself that he described the man and related the entire affair exactly as it occurred.

"Is the man in town?" asked Phillip. "Has he not fled?"

"I think I know where he is," replied the officer. "He is hiding, but I can find him. In fact we have been hunting for him since the shooting. He is wanted on several other charges."

Phillip was pondering something in silence. At last he said:

"When you have arrested him I wish you would bring him here if it can be done without violating any ordinance or statute."

The officer stared at the request, and the minister's wife exclaimed, "Phillip, you will not have that man come into the house! Besides, you are not well enough to endure a meeting with the wretch!"

"Sarah, I have a good reason for it. Really, I am well enough. You will bring him, won't you? I do not wish to make any mistake in the matter. Before the man is really confined under a criminal charge of attempt to murder, I should like to confront him here. There can be no objection to that, can there?"

The officer promised that, if he could do so without attracting too much attention, he would comply with Phillip's request. It was a thing he had never done before; he was not quite easy in his mind about it. Nevertheless, Phillip exercised a winning influence over all sorts and conditions of men, and he felt quite sure that, if the officer could arrest his man quietly, he would bring him to the parsonage.

This was Thursday night. The next evening, just after dark, the bell rang, and one of the church-members who had been staying with Mrs. Strong during the day went to the door. There stood two men. One of them was the chief of police. He inquired how

the minister was, and said that he had a man with him whom the minister was anxious to see.

Phillip heard them talking, and guessed who they were. He sent his wife out to have the men come in. The officer with his man came into the bedroom where Phillip lay, still weak and suffering, but at his request propped up a little with pillows.

"Well, Mr. Strong, I have got the man, and here he is," said the officer, wondering what Phillip could want of him. "I ran him down in the 'crow's nest' below the mills, and we popped him into a hack and drove right up here with him. And a pretty sweet specimen he is, I can tell you! Take off your hat and let the gentleman have another look at the brave chap who fired at him in ambush!"

The officer spoke almost brutally, forgetting for a moment that the prisoner's hands were manacled; remembering it the next instant, he pulled off the man's hat, while Phillip looked calmly at the features. Yes, it was the same hideous, brutal face, with the hare-lip, which had shown up in the rays of the street lamp that night; there was no mistaking it for any other.

"Why did you want to kill me?" asked Phillip, after a significant pause. "I never did you any harm."

"I would like to kill all the cursed preachers," replied the man, hoarsely.

"You confess, then, that you are the man who fired at me, do you?"

"I don't confess anything. What do you want to talk to me for? Take me to the lock-up if you're going to!" the man exclaimed fiercely, turning to the officer.

"Phillip!" cried his wife, turning to him with a gesture of appeal, "send them away. It will do no good to talk to this man."